

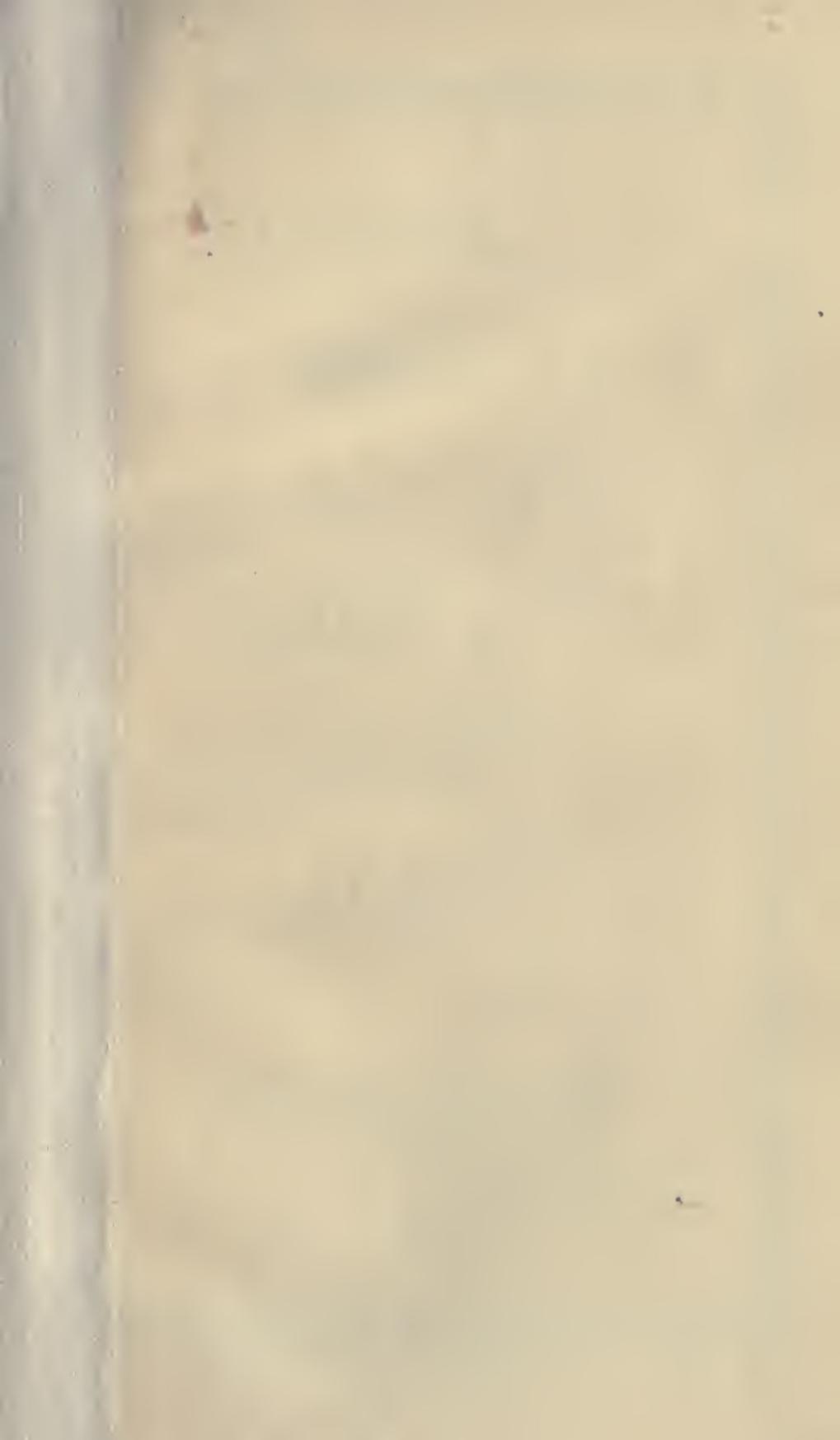
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Kingsley, Roland.

Rhymes of brevity for times  
of levity.

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RHYMES  
*OF*  
BREVITY

*FOR*

TIMES  
*OF*  
LEVITY

*ROLAND KINGSLEY*

PS  
8521  
I65R5

Briefly;

Born at Cornwall, Ontario, August 25th, 1882, fourth generation Canadian-born; resident in Montreal district since 1904.

Entire lifetime in manufacturing, as a boy in cotton mills and later in linoleum and oilcloth, in various capacities,— production, marketing, executive and finance. Still depend upon business (and not writing verses) for a living.

Know better than anyone else that am *not* a poet but perhaps a rhymster, with merely a desire to lighten up somewhat the seriousness of life. Putting it another way, consider everyone a child — either younger or older — and fit the rhymes to the occasion.

R. E. Kingsley.

98 Columbia Ave.,  
Westmount, Montreal.

## Introduction:

I do not think I can do better than to repeat here a little verse which I wrote for my niece, when she was about eight years of age.

### TO BERNICE

Find a quiet nook,  
Where this little book  
May be opened and read,  
at your leisure;

With a wish it is sent  
That the time which is spent  
In reading it,  
may be a pleasure;

And if such is the case,  
I suppose your dear face  
Will be pleasantly furrowed  
with wrinkles;

Not the kind that age brings,  
But the quaint little things  
Surrounding your eye  
when it twinkles.

Jan. '37

—Uncle Roland.

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## SHINE

While walking down a city street,  
I saw a tiny shop,  
With windows dressed engagingly,  
Inviting me to stop.

'Twas in the early autumn  
And apples, row on row,  
Were peeping here and peeping there,  
All, in a ruddy glow;

There tucked away, discreetly,  
Within a forward pile,  
I saw a little ticket  
And couldn't help but smile.

The apples were not monstrous,  
But the dealer was alive,  
Because the ticket said the price  
Was five for twenty-five.

It happened that the previous day  
I'd seen such apples, plenty,  
The price, not many miles away,  
Five cents for five and twenty.

Being in a rather mirthful mood,  
I hinted to the dealer,  
That if the people knew his cost,  
They might think him a stealer;

He only grinned and said, "my friend,  
You say my goods look fine,  
Well, it's one cent for the apple  
And four cents for the shine".

## SOLID CITIZENS

A solid citizen was he,  
So solid in fact, when he put to sea  
And walked across the bally ship,  
The blinking boat began to tip  
Down on the side he happened to be.

A solid citizen was he,  
The solid kind, so it seems to me  
That if you opened his head up,—wide,  
Be sure you'd find nothing else inside  
Than a skullful of solid i-v-o-r-y.

A solid citizen was he,  
In a way that high-grade steel might be,  
For, to a problem of human kind  
He applied a keen and brilliant mind,  
But his heart was hard as steel, don't you see.

A solid citizen was he,  
Grounded to earth, like an age-old tree,  
With habits so fixed and anchored fast,  
He fought shy of progress and lived in the past,  
Till his journey commenced in eternity.

A solid citizen was he,  
Like a block of ice in frigidity,  
Until the sun of kindly deeds  
Was kindled within by his neighbors' needs  
And melted away his solidity.

A solid citizen was he,  
Congealed by the brunt of adversity  
Into a mass of dense-packed ills,  
Missing life's happier things and thrills,  
Until he discovered humanity.

## TAG DAY IN WESTMOUNT

The children gaily play adown the glen  
The old-time game of tag, as we did when  
Our feet were just as nimble as our wit,  
And we, too, cried "now, tag, you're it".

It's many, many a year since I thus played,  
And many, many a time have I been flayed,  
Sometimes for things deserved, and sometimes  
not,  
From which you'll judge I've had a common lot.

I went into a butcher shop one recent day,  
Expecting to be served some decent way,  
But when the butcher said the price of steak  
Was sixty cents, I thought my heart would  
break.

He must have clearly read my look of shock,  
And paused, with lifted cleaver o'er the block,  
To say, as if the case to justly fit,  
"Of course, good lady, we trim it".

As on my homeward way I sadly went  
And ruminated as to what he meant;  
I thought of "trim" in parlance of the day,  
My mind went back to kiddies at their play;

The butcher surely used words apt and fit,  
For, I'd been badly *trimmed* and I was *it*.

## GLIB

In the bygone ages,  
When Adam lost a rib,  
And from it came a woman  
Whose tongue was rather glib  
Descended modern maidens,  
Who, when they give offence,  
Say, simply, one word "sorry"  
And quickly hustle thence.

I oft am led to wonder,  
When maidens are so curt,  
If, by their glib-tongued "sorrys"  
They but increase the hurt.

## COMMON SENSE

Nature dowers every man  
    with common sense a plenty,  
But wisdom seems to only come  
    to nine folk out of twenty;  
For, average people,  
    though they would not rarer things  
        refuse,  
They think the gift of common sense  
    too commonplace to use.

## FLANNEL MOUTH

Blather and Blither, the flannel-mouth twins  
Known through the mid-west for asinine grins,  
Kicked in the stomach, the rump or the shins,  
It seems not to faze them, so long as their chins  
Are left free to function along with the tongue  
Which neighbors believe from the middle is hung.

## MISSOURI

A young country girl from Missouri  
In a restaurant, ordered pot pouri;  
For, she said that a dunce  
Would try anything once,  
But the chef will be tried by a jury.

## ARKANSAS

There was an old maid in Arkansas  
Who never passed up any chances;  
But the chances she saw  
Throughout Arkansas  
Turned out to be only romances.

## SNORES

I think that the person who snores  
Is certainly one of life's bores,  
Like the long-winded speaker,  
The publicity seeker,  
Or apples with nothing but cores.

Why cannot a person who snores  
Be banished to far-distant shores,  
Where the missioner preaches  
To natives on beaches  
Who never buy clothes in the stores.

## **PROVINCIAL LIMERICKS**

### **Prince Edward Island**

A Scot came to Prince Edward Island  
Asking not were it lowland or highland,  
For he tippled, you see,  
And concerned much was he  
Whether it were a wet or a dry land.

### **Nova Scotia**

A fisherman in Nova Scotia  
To his two sons said: "I'll lick the both ya,  
If you snarl up my line,  
And you won't feel so fine,  
When with cod liver oil I will dose ya".

### **New Brunswick**

A lumberman down in New Brunswick  
While felling trees never was once sick,  
He likes chopping and grunting,  
But never goes hunting,  
For he always takes ill when the guns kick.

### **Quebec**

A native of ancient Quebec  
On an ocean ship went up on deck  
Till there came up a blow,  
Then he hurried below,  
For his dinner all came up his neck.

### **Ontario**

A youth on a farm in Ontario  
Considered himself a Lothario,  
For, when he pitched hay,  
He felt very gay,  
And all the girl neighbors were wary, oh!

## **Manitoba**

A negro in North Manitoba  
Said: "I finds it most hard to keep sober,  
For I works with a Finn  
Who drinks lots of gin  
To keep himself warm in October".

## **Saskatchewan**

A naughty boy in Saskatchewan  
Through a fence tried to snatch a swan,  
The fence was barbed wire,  
So you need not inquire  
Why, to his pants, the patch is on.

## **Alberta**

An Eye-tal-ian in Alberta,  
Said, "I wear a da blacka da shirta,  
For please Mussolin,  
And for hida da skin,  
Whenever it getta too dirt'a".

## **British Columbia**

Though a generous chew of spruce gum be a  
Thing on which maidens argue and some see a  
Certain breach of good taste,  
It has not a bad taste  
To lumberjacks in British Columbia.

## **YUKON**

A whaler way up in the Yukon  
Caught a whale with nary a fluke on,  
Since 'twas minus a tail,  
It was offered for sale  
For a small silver coin with a Duke on.

## MODERN APARTMENTS

Yes, you may omit the sunlight  
If you give us marble halls;  
If you keep the front door knobs bright,  
We're content with inside walls.

If you give us central heating,  
And provide an iceless frig'  
Just omit a room for eating,  
But we must have one for bridge.

If the bathroom floor is tiled  
And you give us hardwood floors,  
We'll become quite reconciled  
To deep breathing out-of-doors.

Though our beds are disappearing  
And our money does the same,  
We will constantly be fearing  
If the neighbors know our game;

Which is, first of all, appearance  
And to keep ahead of Jones,  
Sure, we'll brook no interference  
Till the vultures get our bones.

## WHAT IS DIRT?

Johnny in his tender years  
Never washed behind his ears,  
When his mother found it out  
She gave Johnny dear a clout,  
Saying, "son you're a disgrace;  
Go and wash your dirty face;  
Remember too, amidst your tears,  
Your neck extends behind your ears."

Johnny said, "mom, what is dirt",  
Then, said mother, quite alert,  
"Son, the teachers in my school,  
Taught us well, a silver rule,  
Known to all the human race;  
Dirt is matter out of place".

Many, many years have flown,  
John has children of his own;  
Mamma's also changed a lot  
And in her face some wrinkles got;  
But instead of growing old,  
Mom decides on growing bold,  
So she bought a set of tools  
Never known at girlhood schools,  
Lip-stick, rouge and powder puff,  
Liquid cream and candle snuff;  
Then proceeded, all apace  
Decorating her old face;

Just then Johnny boy came in  
And his face set in a grin;  
Yelling, "such a dirty face,  
Dirt is matter out of place".

## IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE

When King Canute stood by the sea,  
Commanding it be quiet,  
He staged a comic spectacle  
That almost caused a riot;  
For all the people shouted  
Till their chests and throats were sore,  
“Oh, King, you cannot do it  
For it's never been done before”;

And ever since in England,  
When a pioneer was bold  
And made a quaint suggestion,  
He was squelched and firmly told,  
No matter what he tried to do,  
Not done in days of yore,  
“My man, you must not do it  
For it's never been done before”.

You ask an English gentleman  
To wear a new style hat,  
Or, with a monocle and cane,  
To go without a spat;  
And if you tried to force him,  
He would rather bathe in gore  
Before he would adopt it,  
If it's never been done before.

And, likewise, try your best to get  
Some English shop or mill  
To change some simple pattern,  
Or to make a different pill  
Than those their dear old daddies  
Made a hundred years or more;  
They simply will not do it,  
If it's never been done before.

But, fortunately, for the race,  
There still are King Canutes  
Who gaze upon the water  
In a different way than brutes,  
And, like Kay Don, whose motor-boat  
Brought Britain to the fore;  
They somehow chance to do it  
Though it's never been done before.

Another brave exception  
Was the pioneer who made  
A motor car in Britain  
Which put others in the shade;  
Could Campbell reach excessive speed  
By listening to the bore,  
Whose constant yapping always is  
"It's never been done before ?

The Britisher who made a plane  
To fly five miles a minute,  
For passengers some day should take  
A few old fogeys in it,  
Who prattle much of precedent,  
And as they heavenwards soar,  
Might dump them out, and show a stunt  
That's never been done before.

## NOT TOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS

We live in an age of hygiene,  
Intensive, extensive and apt;  
We get our milk in bottles  
And won't buy bread unwrapt;

We have a well-known slogan  
“Not touched by human hands”  
And news of our obsession  
Has spread to other lands.

We're told on all occasions  
It pays to advertise,  
And packers of figs and raisins  
Have now become so wise,

We see their cases labelled  
“Not touched by human hands”  
The wit for which we're fabled  
Has spread to other lands;

But they go us still one better,  
They're truthful and discreet,  
They do NOT use the label  
“Not touched by human feet”.

## A NEW WRINKLE

Uncle Billy Bunson had a wrinkle in his pants,  
And, as good golfers ought to know, it sadly  
spoiled his stance;  
For when he tried to swat the ball, his eye roamed  
round, you see,  
And rested on the wrinkle, instead of on the tee.  
Then after he'd been playing for about four hours  
or more,  
And only reached the seventh hole with eighty as  
a score,  
A sense of something lacking seemed to percolate  
his brain,  
And we heard what we considered was a fervent  
prayer for rain;  
Because the words were Biblical, though on his  
face was set  
A look of grim defiance, plus a dozen scowls of  
fret;  
Then Mac, his pal and partner, had a brain wave,  
so it seemed,  
And with Bill's heavy playing iron, the tragedy  
redeemed,  
By pointing out to Billy, in his most consoling  
diction,  
That Bill had played so many strokes, the iron  
was hot from friction;  
So Billy rested for a while and Mac the good old  
scout,  
He quickly grabbed the smoking iron and ironed  
the wrinkle out.  
Now, all true tales, like this one is, should have  
a happy ending,  
And this would be a happy one, if golfers did no  
bending,  
Being bound to truth, we must relate that since  
the iron was heated  
To such a very high degree, the trousers were  
unseated.

**OTTO B. BETTER LINOLEUM CO.**  
**Manufacturers**

Toronto, Dec. 30/36

Mr. Wm. Smith,  
Home Furnishings,  
Anytown, Sask.

My dear Mr. Smith:

We are now favoured with  
Your letter and sample of Lino,  
And note your complaint  
As to thickness of paint,  
Which you liken to hide of a rhino.

In reply, we may say,  
We have spent the whole day  
In tracing the trouble and trying  
To avoid a recurrence  
And you've our assurance  
The defect occurred in the drying.

We have warned all our men  
If this happens again,  
We shall need to use much harsher  
measures,  
But we're hoping they'll heed  
And you'll no further need  
On this score to have more displeasures.  
May we hope you're not troubled unduly,  
And accept the regrets of

Yours truly,  
Otto B. Better Linoleum Co.,  
Will B. Rhymster,  
Service Dept.

## BILL'S POOR WIDOW (or POOH POOH)

Bill Jones broke some bones,  
The doctor spoke in softened tones  
To Mrs. Jones,  
For, he had found Bill's lungs unsound,  
Thus Bill lost ground, while Ma Jones frowned,  
And sat around.

Her thoughts were few, but bitter,  
For, while she was no quitter,  
To see Bill's life so fritter,

Reminded her of former times,  
When she saved pennies, nickels, dimes,  
As a loving and dutiful wife;  
In the hope that Bill would  
Do the one thing he should,  
Which was spend it insuring his life;

But, as many men do,  
Bill would only pooh, pooh,  
And point to his splendid physique.  
We were bound to admit  
He was physically fit,  
And in fact his good health was unique.

Now, the story's soon told;  
Bill had somehow grown old,  
So when this tough accident took him;  
From the day he fell ill,  
He slid right down the hill,  
And all of his pooh, pooh forsook him.

. . . . .

He bore his illness with endurance,  
But he died without insurance.

## THE PEANUT

The peanut has its usefulness,  
And also limitations,  
And, since I'm bound to truthfulness,  
I must say, British nations  
Are rather disinclined to view  
The peanut with much favour;  
They somehow find it not quite true  
To other nuts in flavour.

It's not a nut we term full sweet,  
But it is very oily,  
And sometimes, when we try to eat,  
It turns our stomachs roily;  
Now, that's because it's not half baked,  
But were it throughly roasted,  
And o'er the embers quickly raked,  
It might improve when toasted.

We do not like its crooked shell,  
With contours vague and twisted,  
Nor do we like its acrid smell,  
When it has long existed  
In company just like its own,  
Touched only by its fellows,  
For, it is very widely known,  
The peanut never mellows.

I knew there must some reason be  
For peanuts' isolation,  
And after searching well, I see,  
With consequent elation,  
That nuts in which we take delight  
Are grown on shrubs and trees,  
The lowly peanut, with its blight,  
It is not one of these.

At last, the reason I have found,  
It thrives much better underground.

So, I have learned these many years,  
With peanuts to be careful,  
And having thus my doubts and fears,  
With sympathy most prayerful,  
I roast them well, within the shell,  
Then strip them of exterior,  
I take no chance of being unwell,  
When they're in my interior.

I also never take them neat,  
But always well diluted  
With nuts of other kinds, then eat,  
And thus I'm not polluted.

## ALPHABET SOUP (TITLES)

When titles are scattered amongst the elect,  
They land in strange places—not where you  
expect;  
Sometimes quite befitting, and other times not,  
For recipients oftentimes are but a poor lot.

Not measure of service, nor measure of brains,  
For some come not out of the wet when it rains;  
But leg, and wire-pulling are quite in their forte,  
How proudly they act, when they titles disport.

I think it quite proper to rise and suggest  
That new and strange letters be used as a crest,  
For cases like some of those recently named,  
Whose paucity leads them to strut unashamed.

A letter like N could say NO with a slam,  
And a well-rounded D could be darn or be d \* \* \*  
And G would be Good, so to some such as these,  
I'd give them the title of plain N. D. G's.

## O, CANADA

O, Canada, what heritage is thine,  
What unknown wealth of forest, field and mine,  
Thy streams and lakes and rivers bold,  
Thy healthful prairie plains,  
Thy winter snows bring wealth untold,  
As do thy summer rains;  
O, Canada, nature has blest,  
May thou be true to every coming guest.

O, Canada, thou hast been blest indeed  
With boys and girls of every race and creed;  
Thyself just past the childhood stage,  
As nationhood is known,  
Thy children in their tender age  
Guard well until full grown;  
O, Canada, these children hold  
High in esteem beyond your gems or gold.

O, Canada, thou hast most bounteous gifts,  
Thy sky is free of nature's storms and rifts,  
Thy latitude is friendly air,  
Thou'rt lapped on all thy coasts  
By healthful breeze, surpassing fair,  
Of thee the Empire boasts;  
O, Canada, these gifts so rare,  
May thou dispense so every soul may share.

## BUFFETTED

Upon a lofty, wind-swept crag  
there stands a tree;

Knotted, shaggy and knarled,  
short-limbed, but swinging free;

Bearing its many scars,  
that he who views may see

Its hoary age and ruggedness,  
then thankful be

To have exampled thus,  
before his seeing eye

That trees, and men,  
of buffeting, need never die.

## UNDISCOVERED FORCES

In days of Pharoah, of Paul and of Watt,  
Forces were round them of which they knew  
naught,  
Of pressure and piston, prism and power,  
Used by the multitude this present hour;

May we not wonder what forces there be  
Still undiscovered, by you and by me.

## INERT

An acorn sitting on a shelf  
Can never truly be itself,  
But when it nestles in the earth,  
Is watered, warmed and given birth,  
Becomes a shoot and then a tree,  
A beauteous thing for all to see;  
Then man, when resting 'neath its shade,  
Declares what wonders God hath made.

The ore lies dormant in the ground,  
Until by man it's sought and found,  
He smelts and hammers into shapes  
For bridges, stairs and fire-escapes;  
For useful things, which people view  
And wonder why they never knew  
That value, in such great degree  
Lay just where he who looked might see.

Now, man may also lie inert  
As useless as a clod of dirt,  
But, when he's prodded by desire  
Or forced by want — the hidden fire  
Within his breast becomes a flame  
And he grows worthy of the name  
Of pioneer, and then perchance  
He overcomes his circumstance.

## THE PURISTS

I know a man who takes delight  
In drinking pure spring water;  
He looks askance and has a fright,  
Whene'r his son and daughter,  
Their thirst to slake, perchance may take  
A common cup to drink from,  
He tries their interest to awake  
In microbes they should shrink from;  
When drinking water is involved,  
He is a keen abjurist,  
And all his friends are quite resolved  
That this man is a purist.

I know a man who often walks  
Alone along our highways,  
He stops to rest and always talks  
With country folk on byways  
About the lurid man-made signs  
Which so despoil the scenery;  
He soon our sympathy aligns  
Invoking law's machinery;  
When nature scenes pass in review,  
Of native or of tourist,  
All know that for an unspoiled view,  
This man is classed a purist.

I know a man whose scent is keen,  
He lives beyond the car stops;  
Whene'r he comes to town, his spleen  
Is vented on the workshops  
Which belch their smoke and almost choke  
The folk within their ranges;  
He even tries law to invoke  
To bring about some changes;  
So, when the air has smell or taint,  
It does not need a jurist  
To judge from this man's loud complaint,  
That he is deemed a purist.

Quite strange to say, the other day,  
These three men took a journey,  
But stranger yet, the three men met,  
And joined me in a tourney;  
We played at chess, at draughts and cards,  
Then had a talking session,  
We talked in turn of kings and bards,  
But all three had obsession;  
One talked pure air, another stressed  
The beauties of pure vision,  
The third, on water, pure, digressed,  
Resulting in division.

Then, as the time wore on, all three  
Revealed a common liking  
For stories, sketched most luridly,  
Indecencies most striking.

As I withdrew, I pondered much  
On why three bold crusaders  
For purity of air, and such,  
Could be themselves invaders  
Of sanctity within the mind,  
By spreading such pollution,  
And, though I've tried my best to find,  
I still lack a solution.

---

How fine 'twould be, how passing fair,  
Could we these three men teach  
To plead pure water, view and air,  
And also plead clean speech.

## MIDDLE GROUND

Within some strict seclusion I might dwell,  
Surrounded by the books I love so well,  
Thus curtain out the mundane things of every  
day,  
And let a studious spirit hold full sway,  
To lead me to a rarer plane of thinking  
And find myself from human contacts shrinking;

Or else I might allow my heart to lead  
Along the paths of human daily need,  
And find my days divided 'twixt the blessed task  
Of helping frailer folk, who do not ask,  
But will accept the proffered helping hand;  
While other days are gone, like drifting sand,  
In sorting out the folk, who ask but do not need  
And I am burdened by their lust and greed.  
The needful tasks, these homely things absorb my  
hours,  
Till not a moment's left to seek secluded bowers.

So, thus I choose to take the middle ground,  
To daily try to make the common round  
Amongst my poorer, frailer, needy brothers,  
And, now and then, to shut myself away,  
To meditate, commune with God and pray,  
Thus better fit myself for helping others.

## FUTURE CITIES

The country road is dusty  
While most city streets look clean,  
But the city air is musty,  
And the country air is keen;

The country boy is lusty,  
While the city lad is lean;

When we build our future cities,  
In a way as yet unseen,  
It will be a million pities  
If we fill them not with green.

## DOWERS

A man may dower his son with physique,  
With a measure of health and a brain quite  
unique;  
The father got wealth by the use of his gifts,  
He received many kicks but very few lifts;  
So he'd compass his son with protection and  
care,  
In the hope that the boy would escape every  
snare.

The father has love but he's not very wise,  
Else plain common sense would soon him apprise  
That a bump, now and then,  
To the average of men  
More often will boost than depress them.

## **AT EVENING—REST**

At dusk, the wearied tern  
Will seek it's nest,  
For food no longer yearn,  
Content to rest.

So, when the evening comes,  
May folk, who spent  
Long years in building homes,  
Then rest content.

## **DANGER—from within**

Great misconception is caused by the thought  
That by outside forces our mishaps are wrought,  
But stopping to reason the workings of sin,  
We'll find our disasters all come from within.

## THE DOOR OF HOPE

This door, it gently stands ajar,  
And warmly welcomes in  
The wearied traveller from afar,  
O'erburdened with his sin;

It has no eye with which to see,  
Nor hath it tongue to tell  
The soul bowed down so guiltily  
That destiny is hell;

But, rather does it seem to point  
To tired feet a way,  
Where times are never out of joint,  
And night turns into day.

## TEMPER

Temper, to the steel lends edge,  
To a man it serves to pledge  
That he will be true and bold,  
Only when it's well controlled.

## THE DEPENDENT

The man who feels unneedful  
    of his fellows round about  
Has either got a swelled head,  
    sour stomach or the gout,  
His point of view is twisted  
    and his vision far from keen,  
For he owes most every man he sees  
    and thousands more unseen.

Whence comes the wheat that makes his bread;  
    who grinds it into flour?  
Who built his covering overhead;  
    not men so dwarfed and sour  
As himself; else this would be  
    a sorry place to live,  
For then all men would strive to get  
    when rather they should give.

He will find the time soon coming  
    when the fires of life are drawn,  
And the gold and dross, each in its place  
    is put by men of brawn;  
Then he'll suddenly awaken  
    to the fact that life is sweet  
Only when its fixed conditions  
    every man's prepared to meet.

He will find it his experience  
    when his attitude is known  
To be helpful to his neighbors,  
    then their gratitude is shown  
By an honest disposition  
    to make his concerns their own;  
Showing how from allied interests  
    something beautiful has grown.

## NEIGHBORS

New Zealanders are friendly folk,  
When friendliness can mean  
The easing of a neighbor's yoke,  
And helping him, unseen.

The goldness in the southern sun,  
When rising o'er their hills,  
Has taught them that mankind is one,  
And banishes their ills.

Where else has white man ever trod  
On land already held  
By humans with a different god,  
And decently upheld  
The right of yellow man or black  
To hold his own conceits;  
Not forcing native races back  
To hostile, deep retreats?

Pakeha in the early days  
Was so engrossed conserving  
To Maori folk their native ways,  
And all their rights preserving,

He took no time to contemplate  
His personal equation,  
But, working for the common state,  
Evolved this healthy nation.

So, now, the native Maori race,  
In present days outnumbered,  
Enjoy an equal ranking place,  
Their heritage unplundered.

Thus, having built on friendliness  
A most secure foundation;  
It follows that no storm or stress  
Can now divide the nation.

### L'ENVOI

He builds well, who of himself  
Gives without stint or measure;  
Engrossed with things outside of self,  
And thinking but of pleasure  
Of other folk, who all around,  
Much need the help he gives,  
He thus erects on sacred ground  
A thing that breathes and lives.

## COOKIE SEED

A little boy in England  
Took a cookie from a jar,  
The cookie had some seeds therein  
That came from lands afar;

And, as he munched, he wondered  
If in his own back yard  
He might some day grow cookie seed,  
If he should try real hard.

Next day he took a cookie  
And a shovel and a hoe,  
And went out in the garden  
To the very farthest row;

And, there he started digging,  
Till he soon was lost to sight,  
And at the bottom of the hole  
'Twas just as dark as night.

So, there he placed the cookie  
At the bottom of the pit,  
And gently, very gently,  
With the earth he covered it.

He watered it most every day,  
For he had hopes, you see,  
That from that little cookie  
There might some day grow a tree.

We asked him why he dug so deep,  
For usually you know  
A seed that's planted deeply  
Seldom has a chance to grow.

He said, "These seeds are Chinese,  
And I know the earth is round,  
So China is beneath us,  
Underneath this very ground;

Thus, the deeper I dig down, you see,  
There's no disputing that,  
The nearer I will place the seeds  
To their real habitat".

## ROBIN

I saw a big fat robin, a running on the ground,  
And when he put his head down, he must have  
heard a sound;  
He quickly started digging, and then began to  
squirm,  
Now, what do you think happened, why, he had  
found a worm.  
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle,  
wiggle, worm.

## NEEDLESS FEARS

The other day, going down the street,  
A little lad I chanced to meet  
Whose little legs were thin and lean,  
And skinnier legs I'd never seen.

He seemed at first quite blithe and gay,  
Until a strange dog came his way,  
And, as dogs do, began to sniff,  
Which scared the laddie almost stiff.

He shrank and walked close by my side,  
For I was bigger, and with pride,  
I said, "my son, you need not fear,  
Although the doggie comes so near;

He means no harm, in fact he likes  
To chum with boys, and go on hikes,  
And anyway your skinny legs  
Remind him much of two clothes pegs.

Besides, all doggies like to eat  
A fair amount of real tough meat,  
So there's no need to take affright,  
When there's not enough meat  
on your legs  
for a bite".

## IN THE WOODS

Jackie, little Jackie, in the woods  
    he likes to walk,  
And to learn from mother birdies  
    how the baby birdies talk;  
He is sure they have a language  
    just as certain as his own,  
So he wants to hear the baby birds  
    before they're fully grown;

For, he's heard the older people say  
    an old owl's very wise,  
And even your quick actions  
    never take him by surprise;  
Then, older boys have spoken  
    of the cunning of the hawk  
And they told him that the eagle's voice  
    is nothing but a squawk;

But even though he's younger,  
    Jackie seems to know quite well  
That a baby bird when hungry  
    has a way in which to tell  
His mamma or his papa  
    that he needs some baby food,  
And he'll get it just as certain  
    as a human baby would,  
Without wise words or cunning,  
    which pass o'er a baby's head;  
And the adult squawks and hooting  
    none but older persons dread.

## A FISH'S WISH

If I were a little fish  
I probably would wish  
To swim within a sea of liquid candy,  
So, when I hungry felt,  
I need not hitch my belt,  
But open up my mouth and I'd feel dandy.

## BABY HERRING

There was a baby herring  
Who lived down in the sea,  
And he was daily swimming,  
As happy as could be;  
    But one day he was curious  
    To see a fisherman,  
    He saw a hook and nibbled  
    And now he's in a can.

## AT A PICNIC

How nice 'twould be, for you and me  
To sit and swing, so lazily,  
Till skeeters come and start to h-u-m;  
Perchance we'd dance quite crazily.

## JERRY

Now, Jerry was a real bad boy  
and teased his bigger sister,  
He threw a rock at her one day  
but fortunately missed her;  
But she, in turn, was very kind  
and gave him cake and candy,  
And we observed she gave him most  
when rocks and sticks were handy.

In early years the boy became  
a fine judge of the weather,  
And how to tell the strength of breeze  
he did not need a feather;  
He seemed to know instinctively  
just who and when to pester,  
And when he met a real rough-neck,  
then Jerry was a jester.

When Jerry grew to man's estate,  
we did not greatly wonder  
That he avoided every trade  
at which he'd likely blunder;  
Now, you can see him any day  
dressed in the finest raiment,  
Oft shaking hands and kissing babes  
and going to Parliament.

## PRACTICAL PIETY

There comes a chap to our Church  
Who must be very pious,  
For, when we put our hand out,  
He rushes right straight by us;

Of course, we should explain that  
Our hand, when thus extended  
It holds a big collection plate  
For cash to be expended.

Some folk they are so worldly  
They say his manner's airy,  
Because he has no interest in  
The things pecuniary.

## GAINS

One man thought that to get was to gain,  
Another man learned how to give;  
The first, at the end, found all was vain,  
The other had taught how to live.

## SINGING

Songs of frivolity, sung by a saint,  
Dull as an old house long without paint.

## LAMENT

(to Miss M. J. Y. on being appointed a censor)

The war has left trails of  
distress and destruction,  
And memory clings to the horrors and ruction,  
But topping all horrors  
and kill-joy dispensers,  
Was that prize creation, the newspaper censors.

Thus, with consternation,  
I learn that the session,  
For reasons unfathomed, have gained  
the obsession  
That I am a person deserving of honour,  
So the task of a censor,  
they thrust it upon her.

Now, what must I do,  
when I know that these writers  
Are quite antithesis of rotters or blighters,  
And though their opinions  
may gain our disproval;  
We simply can't ask for their instant removal.

So, thus between fires am I harrassed  
and puzzled,  
Devising a method whereby they be muzzled,  
For I am determined,  
though my task be inglorious;  
I'll act as a censor without being censorious.

## LOON-LIGHT

(In Palestine or elsewhere)

When you ride on a donkey by moonlight,  
'neath a sky that is deep azure blue;  
Far away are the thoughts of the noon light;  
Ain't it strange what the moonbeams can do ?

Your thoughts hie way back to your childhood,  
When all fairy stories were true,  
And fairest flowers grew in the wildwood;  
Ain't it strange what the moonlight can do ?

In fancy you gambol and frolic,  
Though your true age be past forty-two;  
You forget that green apples mean colic,  
For it's strange what the moonbeams can do.

You're inclined to be over-romantic,  
And to do things you'd afterwards rue,  
And drive poor old grandmother frantic,  
By forgetting what moonlight can do;

And some folk might even be tempted  
To wish a small donkey held two,  
But the maid of this skit is exempted,  
For *she* knows what the moonbeams can do.

## NOT VERY WISE

There lives a man in our town  
Who isn't very wise;  
He's married to a poor cook  
And will not eat her pies.

Now, if he were a wise man,  
As wise as you, or me;  
He'd not been married long  
Ere he'd begun to see

That, when it comes to cooking,  
There is no sense in looking  
With appraising eye  
At either cake or pie;

But his concern should be to learn  
The name of she who bakes it,  
And when wife's the cook,  
How pleased he'll look,  
No matter how he fakes it.

Note: Above intended to be sung (improvised)  
to tune "Long, Long Ago."

## GRAND MANAN (New Brunswick)

Note:

For Winter nights at Grand Manan;

Tune: from "Patience"

"When I go out of Door."

\*On the Island of Grand Manan,  
They never feed fish to a man,  
Until they have hooked it  
And thoroughly cooked it,  
\*On Island of Grand Manan.

\*Repeat first and last lines in each verse as above, using following for three intermediate lines.

They seldom fry fish in a pan,  
But often they take it  
And thoroughly bake it,

They never put fish in a can,  
They catch it and choke it  
And thoroughly smoke it,

They catch fish when they can,  
And then in the Winter,  
They whittle a splinter,

They fish from March till Jan.  
And when they're not busy,  
They drive a tin lizzie,

They do not need a fan  
For, breezes are blowing  
Or else it is snowing

The children's legs are tan,  
It may seem quite shocking  
To wear nary a stocking

I saw a very thin man,  
If he went without dinner,  
He couldn't grow thinner,

One day on the rocks I ran,  
Till I wilted my collar  
And lost a gold dollar

Out over the sea I scan,  
And had I come sooner,  
I'd seen a white schooner

I met a careless man,  
After dressing his fishes,  
He doesn't wash dishes

They never ship goods in a van  
For, they'd very much sooner  
Load goods in a schooner

There lived a hen-pecked man,  
When his wife started kicking,  
He went out dulce picking

## GROUP SONGS

It is suggested that group be divided into two (right hand and left hand) each side singing alone as indicated below—and everybody singing in chorus, where stated;

Full verse is:

Pumpkin Pie, Pumpkin pie, (everybody)  
I like mine with lots of spice (left hand)  
I like mine right off the ice (right hand)  
Pumpkin Pie, Pumpkin Pie, (everybody)  
Spice it (left hand—snappy)  
Ice it (right hand—snappier)  
P\*U\*M\*P\*K\*I\*N PIE (everybody raise the roof)

Following verses, as above, using these phrases to fill in:

Bread and Cheese  
Put the bread between the cheese;  
Make it any way you please;  
Roast it;      Toast it;

Lemonade  
Strain the seeds all out of mine;  
Drain the water out of mine;  
Strain it;      Drain it;

Hot Mince Pie  
I like mine with lots of crust;  
I could eat until I bust;  
Crusted;      Busted;

Bread and Jam  
I like mine spread good and thick;  
I like mine served extra quick;  
Thickly;      Quickly;

Bread and Milk  
Don't forget a little cream;  
Softens mine with lots of steam;  
Cream it;      Steam it;

## GROUP SONGS

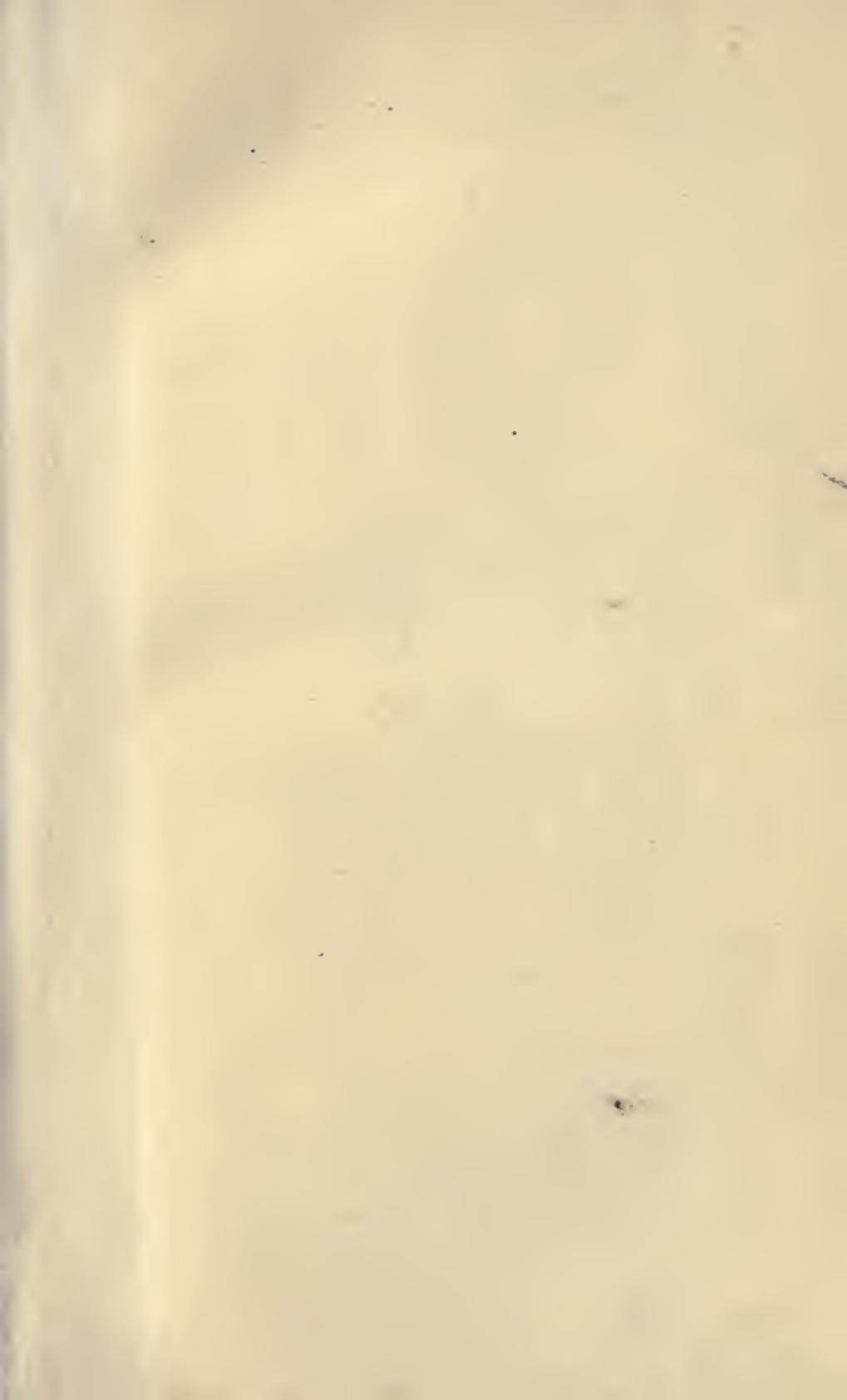
Tune: "Carry Me Back To Old Virginny"

Happy are we around this table,  
Singing with all our hearts  
A greeting to our friends;  
We want to treat them as best we are able,  
Bringing to every one the joy that never ends.

Why should we grumble if cook has no turkey,  
Ham is a substitute that no one can despise;  
Have we not pickles and jelly that's jerky;  
We'll fill full of cake and ice cream  
Right up to our eyes.

Why should we worry though ole man depression  
Thrusts his gaunt face  
Through the fabric of our fears;  
May we, as children, let joy find expression,  
And never more attempt to live beyond our  
years.

Why not be happy as our God intended,  
Why not each blessed day  
Accomplish some kind deed;  
Why not seek out and with welcome hand  
extended.  
Help poorer boys and girls and be a friend in need.





PS Kingsley, Roland  
8521 Rhymes of brevity for  
I65R5 times of levity

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE**

or times

